

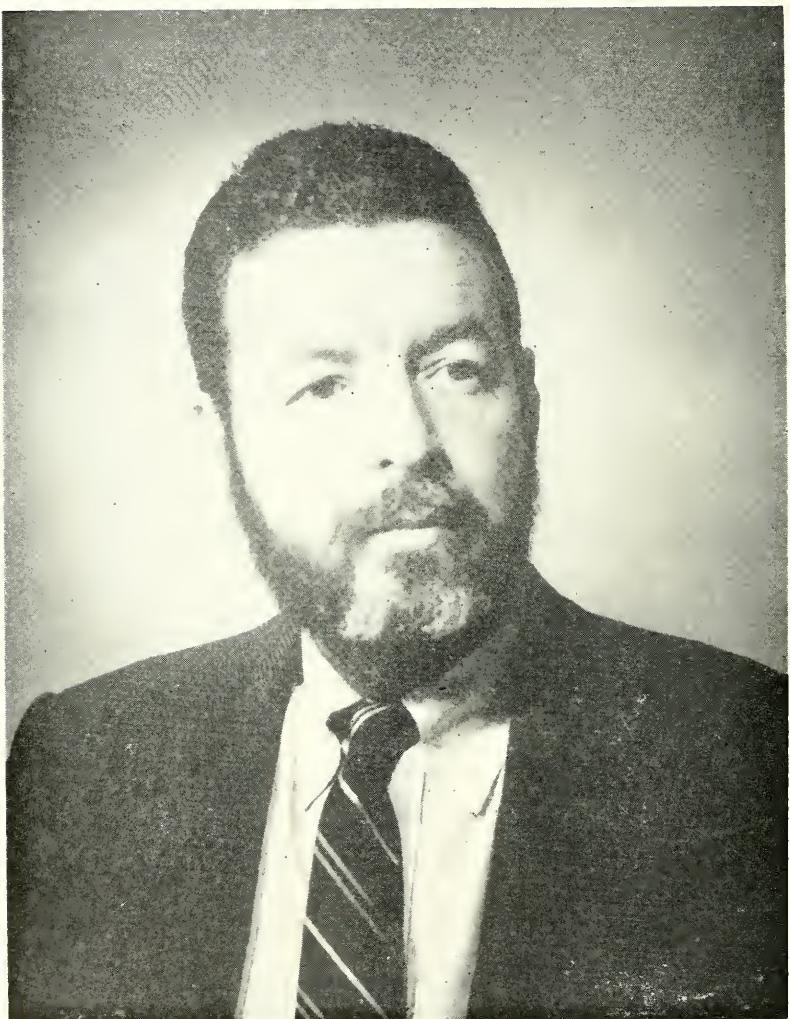
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WOMAN'S COLLEGE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

Spring 1956

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To Randall Jarrell . . .

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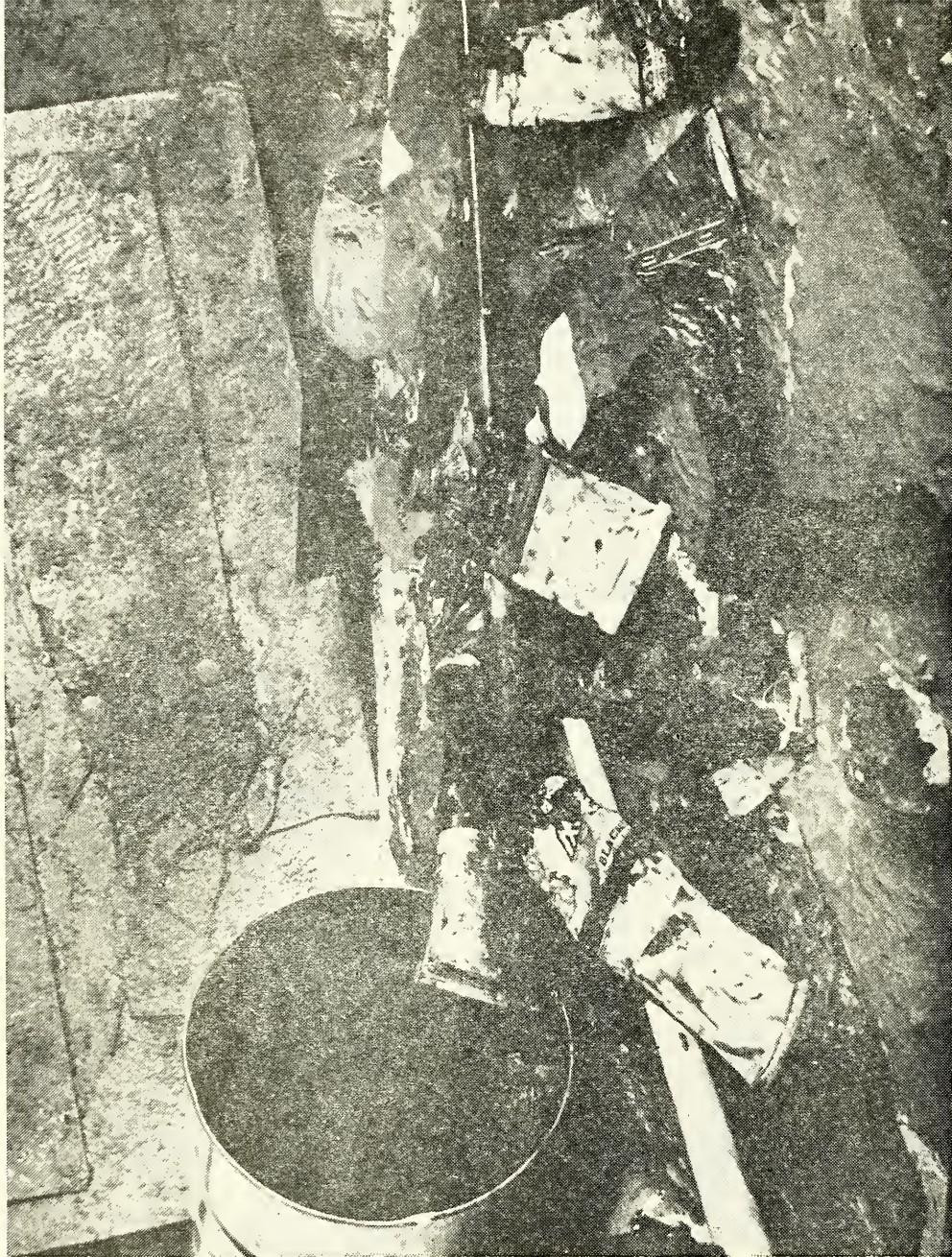
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by Margaret McGrary



THE BLUE STAR BABY

by Patricia Carden

It was sharp in my stomach when I woke up. Mother was frying bacon in the kitchen and the good brown smell made me hungry. Daddy came and leaned over the bed but I kept my eyes closed and pretended I was asleep. Then he lifted the covers and tickled the bottoms of my feet. I sat up and said, "You woke me up."

"Happy birthday, Snooks," he said and put something under the covers. I reached under and felt of it. It was flat and slick and just the size of both my hands together. It was the pocketbook. I took it out and looked at it. It was a nice red—just the color of Daddy's handkerchief. I gave Daddy a scratchy hug and asked him if he was going to stay home from work for my birthday but he said he didn't think they could do without him at the mill.

I took the red pocketbook to show to that baby. She didn't have a pocketbook or a birthday. She just lay there looking at the ceiling with her hands all curled up like dead roses. I swung the pocketbook back and forth over the cradle so that baby could see it. She reached for it with her curled-up hands, but I swung it back and forth up high where she couldn't take it away from me. That made her cry. She made an awful noise when she cried. Mother came running into the bedroom.

"You hit the baby with that pocketbook. Give it here," she said in her mean voice.

"I didn't hit that baby."

"Don't tell stories to me. Give it here. You can have it back when you learn what it's for."

She put the pocketbook in the top drawer. Then she picked up that baby and sat down to rock it. She said, "Ohhh, mama's little baby, ohhhh, mama's little Starr, pretty little Starr, pretty little baby." She kept saying silly things like that to her. She said, "Penny, come see Starr's pretty birthmark," but I wouldn't go. It didn't look like a star at all. It was just a blue splotch on her hand. Then Mother said, "Ohhh,

naughty Penny." But she wasn't saying it to me. She was talking to that baby.

That afternoon after Daddy came home the thunder-cloud came up. God sent it because He thought I hit the baby. I was playing in the yard when it started thundering so I came in the house and got in bed under the covers. Mother put down all the windows and pulled the shades. She got the Bible to read while she sat and rocked that baby beside the bed. She read about God being in the thunder and in the lightning.

Daddy stood at the back door looking at the rain. That's how we knew he wasn't afraid. He stood in the open door even when the thunder was overhead.

Mother said, "Bill, for Heaven's sake close the door and come in here with us before you get struck by lightning." Daddy wouldn't come though. He wasn't afraid of that lightning.

Mother went into the kitchen to pull out the Frigidaire cord so the lightning couldn't run into the house on it. We had just bought the Frigidaire for a down payment and twenty installments. He lived in a big white box, but he was very small. Every time I looked in the box he would hide and I couldn't find him. There was so much room left over that Mother kept food in the box. The Frigidaire took care of the baby's milk. That's why we got him.

The lighting was coming in the window now right through the shades and the thunder was rolling around on the roof. I thought it was going to fall through. Mother said the Lord's prayer, but I didn't feel any better. All the thunder and lightning was because of me. It hadn't found me yet because I was under the cover, but it was still looking. Pretty soon it would come under the cover and find me.

Then there was a loud knock at the door. It was God. I made myself little so He couldn't see me and I repeated the Twenty-third Psalm.

"The Lord is my Shepherd . . . I shall not want . . ." God was in the room now. I could feel Him sitting

on the covers choking me. He knew I was there . . . He was waiting for me to come out.

Somebody said, "So that's the blue-star baby." Somebody else had come in with God. I slid just my head out from under the cover so He wouldn't see me; but He wasn't there. He was gone. There was just an old woman with white and black hair like steel wool.

"Which one is that?" she said.

"That's Penny," Mother said. "Do you remember Aunt Dora, Penny?"

I didn't remember Aunt Dora, and I didn't like her. I don't think Mother liked her either, because she didn't let her hold the baby. Aunt Dora kept leaning over looking into the kitchen at the Frigidaire.

"I see you have a new Frigidaire," she said.

"It's for my baby . . . to keep the milk from spoiling," Mother said.

"You must be getting along well."

"No, no, we had to have it for the baby. Times are bad but my baby was sick and we had to keep the milk cold."

Aunt Dora leaned over and looked at the Frigidaire again. "Why doesn't Bill come in here and talk to me," she said. "Tell him to come talk to his brother's wife."

Mother called Daddy but he didn't answer. She went back into the kitchen to talk to him. Aunt Dora stared at me, but she didn't smile or say anything. Maybe she knew I didn't like her. I wanted to go into the kitchen where Mother and Daddy were, but Aunt Dora was sitting between the bed and the door. Anyway, Mother and Daddy came in the bedroom.

Daddy said, "Hello, Dora."

"I won't beat around the bush, Bill," Aunt Dora said. "I've come to ask you a favor."

"What is it, Dora?"

"I want to know if you'll help us out until I get a job. Alvin's nerves have gone bad again."

Daddy sounded funny like someone talking into a glass of water. "I can't Dora. We're on short time. I just can't help you."

"You used to help us before you got married. You know how Alvin's nerves are. It just makes him worse knowing you won't help us."

"I've got a family to support now, Dora."

"We haven't got anything in the house but beans," Aunt Dora said. "We just got beans."

Mother looked at Aunt Dora real hard. You could tell she didn't like her. "We do without, too, Dora," she said.

Aunt Dora looked into the kitchen. "You've got a new Frigidaire," she said. "A man who can pay for a new Frigidaire can help his brother's children."

"It's for my baby," Mother said. She kept saying that. "It's for my baby . . . it's for my baby."

After a while they all got quiet so you could just hear the rain falling against the window. They were listening for God. They were afraid. There wasn't

anything to be afraid of now. The thunder was far away and I had to pull back the shade to see the lightning. God wasn't going to come.

"Don't be afraid, Mother," I said, scrootching down under the cover. "Don't be afraid." It was warm and dark under the covers and far away—warm and dark like inside of a grapefruit . . . a big yellow grapefruit . . .

In a little bit the red pocketbook came to me out of the top drawer. I took the grapefruit out and cut it into two pieces . . . one for you and one for me . . . one for you and one for me . . . none for you and one for me . . . none for you . . . "You can't have none." The baby's hands curled up and down, up and down. She reached for the grapefruit, but I moved it away . . . and away . . . and away . . . the baby's hands curled up and down like a dead fly's feet . . . she was dead, the baby was dead. We didn't have time to bury the baby then because we were moving the furniture out of the house. Every day we moved a piece out into the back yard. When we moved all the furniture, we put the baby in an orange crate and buried her in the yard beside Skippy. Her hands were all curled up . . .

Creeek, creeek . . . Mother was rocking in her chair . . . she was rocking the dead baby. I opened my eyes and looked at her. The baby was drinking milk and spilling it all over Mother's dress. She wasn't dead at all.

Aunt Dora wasn't there anymore. Daddy wasn't there.

"Where's Daddy?" I asked Mother.

"He's in the kitchen," she said. I wanted to go into the kitchen and get a drink of water, but I was afraid Aunt Dora was in there.

"Get me a drink of water," I said to Mother.

She said, "Get it yourself." I didn't want to go into the kitchen but my throat was dry like all-bran inside. I looked around the door. I couldn't see Aunt Dora. Daddy was sitting at the table. I pulled a chair up to the sink and got a drink of water. All the little night bugs were sticking to the window and the moon was hanging in the tree. It was pretty and the thunder-storm was gone.

When I turned the water off, I could hear a funny sound out there like someone scratching their nails on the tree trunk. She was standing in the dark looking at me. I climbed down so she couldn't see me. Then she came across the yard. I could hear the grass swishing. She put her face to the window and looked in. I didn't look at the window but I knew she was there. Daddy looked at the window, but he didn't say anything. He wasn't afraid. I walked by him real slow so he could see I wasn't afraid. I walked sideways so I couldn't see the window. I wanted to go to bed.

When I went by the Frigidaire, he started breathing again. He did it to scare me. I wasn't scared, though. I knew it was him.

(Continued On Page 18)

THE BOND

Tender along the bond that flowed the growing
Run impulses, and slip inside of me
And fall all eager sliding over me;
Sweeten the air, dream to a flavored freshness
Beat in the air, laughing, candy-winged
Singing the child, and nonsense, and the love
Vivid along the bond that flowed the growing.

That flows—spilling like music, sweet to eyes —
Beat, beating waters, urging me again
All tumble-heady, fall the mountains down;
Head bent, then up—amid the waters, clean,
Face cupped, and bubbling out a song to hands,
Blowing air happy wet, the droplets drinking
Tangy, and tremble savored, quickening . . .

Quick still and quicker, rush me, water-deep
Further than falling; pour me down again
Streaming and steaming; flame a hurt to me
Force me fierce-rippled, vibrant more than down—
More, more—and burning to the very bond—
Into it . . . source the growing, take, full flow,
Throb, shudder all the waters into me.

Break. And the torrents crushing to my head,
Break. And the rolling death all down my head,
All Power pulsing; stream, and the face too full,
Slapped to the waters, stinging, spilling; heave—
Back, but the pushing floodsdown, heavy-lunged;
Out, stagger aching . . . run, but the legs lashed dry
Sapped of the waters, weakening, slipping; lose.

And feel the white hand groping for its life;
And the blank skin drained out of all its life
Wondering, prickling; the face sleepy-mouthed
Trying a whisper, stretching to the quiet—
Sinking to stillness, taking; body, sad
Surged into beauty; and my fingers wake
And worship at the bond that flowed the growing.

by Alma Graham

the dying

When my mother was dying, I leaned against hospital
brick;
Looked down at the morning green and up at the
morning blue;
Kicked the yellow graveled ground, chewed an oak
leaf,
Rubbed the rough cement, felt my face;
Cried.

And the dying, what do they care
For the cool, bright air,
The fading of hair,
The easiness of dying, its silence,
Or some or others left leaning?

They are but the dying, going somewhere, going slow,
going fast,
Dying, nevertheless.

by

Dure Jo Gillikin



grief

I stood hollowed out of noonsun,
Hands there before me pricked and stained
From dewberries;
My feet in white sand burning.

Inside the tightlywound ball moves upward.
I swallow, stand still.

Maybe it will not come in the sun
With dewberries and you waiting,
Waiting for an answer.

My shoulders feel the ball pushing, sticking;
They shake but cannot stop it from moving
Up through and past my throat;
My head hurting there in the sun.

The ball rolled in my head,
Pushed out my eyes and ran down my cheeks,
Shame
That you should see inside me,
See my hands outstretched, pricked and frozen
In the noonday sun.

by Maxine Goodwin

The American Negro In Art

by Esther Krasny
and Suzanne Yerman

What has been the influence of the American Negro artist upon modern painting in America? When asked this question, Hale Woodruff, Thomas Munro, Jacob Lawrence, Edward N. Wilson, Jr., and Mr. Agee answered "None" or "Decernably little". What are the reasons? Why do all these men inevitably mention the African Negro influence?

The American Negro artist has not influenced the pattern of development of painting in the United States to any significant degree. This is probably due to the three psychological factors: the heritage of the Negro, the special status of the Negro within America, and the influence of Western civilization on the Negro. A discussion of these will give a better insight into the problem.

The Negro was first brought to this continent in 1619. Slavery cut him off from his cultural roots and ancestral heritage. Stripped of all else, the Negro's own body became his prime artistic instrument—dance, pantomime, and song were his means of creative expression. While the interpretive, emotional arts were the dominant arts in America, the decorative and craft arts, such as weaving, pottery, and sculpture in wood, bone, and ivory were dominant in the African homeland. So what seems primitive in the art of the American Negro ". . . his native exuberance, his spontaneity, his sentimentalism are, then, not characteristically African and cannot be explained as an ancestral heritage", but these characteristics seem to be the result of the emotional upheavals of hardships and experiences in America.

Made to work at various occupations, the Negro had opportunity to apply such skill in industry as pleased his owners. In this period, the early colonial days before slavery became dominant, some Negroes made contact with skilled crafts such as wood-carving, cabinet making, iron smithing. The old colonial mansions in Charlestown, New Orleans, and other places showed that the Negro still had some latent instinct for the old ancestral arts. Throughout this period, the Negro artisan was never actually integrated into American society, for even the most talented Negro was subject to all the restrictions of slavery. From the days of slavery, there remain only a few monuments proving the creative genius of the Negro artisan.

The task of early Negro artist was to prove to a skeptical world that he could be an artist and aspire for the fine arts. The entrance of the Negro into the field of art came as American national art was struggling for existence. This has held true continually: the Negro artist has always been a half-step behind the other American artist. The first American artists were over-conventional and imitative—the Negro was

doubly so. Since the Negro theme and subject matter was neglected by the American artist, the Negro artist regarded it as a Ghetto restriction from which he fled in protest and indignation. The pioneer Negro artist could succeed only as an exceptional individual, detached from the group. In most instances his only chance for training or extensive recognition was to go abroad. In spite of prejudice and provinciality, there were several Negro artists of distinction, one of whom was the portrait painter Joshua Johnston. He was a portrait painter and is attributed as being the "first authenticated Negro artist in America."

The next generation witnessed the advent of Negro art. It began with such artists as Edward M. Bannister, a landscapist, who is considered the first Negro in America to achieve distinction as a painter; Edmonia Lewis, the first sculptor and artist of note; and Robert Duncanson, another landscapist. The period covered by these pathbreakers was imitative and does not reflect an organized art movement among Negroes, generally; but in following the European and cosmopolitan tradition, these artists were following the trend of their times. After a few colonial painters, American art had no great figures until after 1870.

From about 1890-1914, the Negro artist won world wide recognition and freedom in the world of art. "Recognition from Paris, at that time the world capitol of art, provided the vindication the Negro artist wanted and needed. But this gain involved the heavy price of the academic mould and the cosmopolitan outlook, both of which proved a great handicap to development of racially representative art as they did, in the case of American artists generally, to the development of a native American art." To the average American artist at the time, the American scene and subject smacked of the provinces; to the Negro artist, it reeked of the Ghetto. Negro artists of this generation worked as individuals, not as schools, with race hovering over them as a handicap and shadow rather than as an inspiration. Except for occasional gestures of sentimental loyalty they avoided race as a motive or theme in their art. Henry O. Tanner, if he had continued in the vein of his early work, "The Banjo Lesson", would probably have been the founder of a racial or folk-type school of American Negro art. But, when he went to Paris to seek instruction, to escape American race prejudice, and to find a cosmopolitan public, he absorbed ". . . brilliantly but futilely a lapsing French style." He was so embittered by race prejudice that he rarely visited the U. S. Meta

Vaux Warrik, a painter and sculptor, spent three years studying in Paris where her work drew the appraisal of Auguste Rodin. May Howard Jackson, another sculptor of note, did not study abroad. At first it seemed that her lack of European training and experience was a handicap, but it was because of her American experience that she was the "first to break away from academic cosmopolitanism to frank and deliberate racialism". This "traditional" generation had a constructive influence upon American Negro artists, although not in the development of Negro art. They were inspiring examples to the younger generation, and they gave convincing demonstration to public opinion of the artistic capacity of the Negro in fine arts.

Shortly after the turn of the century, Europe discovered African art, which revolutionized European art and later American art. It brought about an entirely new cultural evaluation of Africa and the Negro. Therefore, we can say that African Negro art has influenced modern art greatly since 1900. An example is Picasso in his so-called "Negro Period of 1904", and his subsequent development of Cubism, then synthetic Cubism. These forms were not present until he studied African Negro primitive sculpture and until he began to experiment with the geometric analysis of the human form. This type of analysis shattered all past methods of analysing mass and led to future presentations: Futuristic (Calla), Surrealistic (De Chirico's automatons), modified Cubistic form, where masses are defined in architentonic manner (Italian contemporary painter such as Cremonini and Guttuso).

Miro and Klee are excellent examples of painters influenced by primitive African sculpture. "Simple, awesome, yet sophisticated". We must remember that this group of painters, not working as such, but trying to arrive at a freedom, clarity, and force which are akin to primitive art, did not look into the *culture* of the African artist, but only at his *art*, and transposed for their purposes the *form*.

Hale Woodruff feels that he has been greatly influenced by "primitive to the free form" as have been Modigliani, Wilfredo Lam (a contemporary Cuban), Henry Moore, William Baizotes and Adolph Gottlieb.

In addition Woodruff states that "African art is not primitive, as we define the term. It is sophisticated, knowingly done, for a definite interest and use. The distortions are deliberate and arbitrary. African art is traditionally refined, even classic." As Andre Maer-aux said, "... there is no bad style or tradition in art —there are only bad artists."

While all artists are not "African influenced", their work and their thinking have been revitalized by African Art. This is perhaps its most significant contribution.

Around the turn of the 20th century the American Realists began to turn home spiritually in an awakening appreciation of native materials. The Negro, because of racial reasons, was not ready to follow. The artists were also rediscovering the American Negro. In the past, when the Negro was portrayed in the works of artists, he was always relegated to inferior and servile status showing the white man's superiority. Some artists wanted to show the Negro as more than a generalized type. With the Realists such as Winslow Homer, Wayman Adams, and Robert Henri, individual characterization of the Negro began. The revolution in the attitude of the white American artist toward the Negro theme and subject is significant in that it rests upon "some subtly and slowly changing social attitude which it reflects, it re-enforces that liberalization of public opinion in a subtle and powerful way: and as long as the Negro theme is taboo among white artists . . . a pardonable reaction tends to drive the Negro artist away from otherwise natural interest in depicting the life of his own group". The "Americanists" followed the realistics among whom George Luks and George Bellows went in for American types and life with democratic disregards for social caste and artistic convention. The still younger generation, of whom Thomas Benton was one, went deeper than the others with an interest in the Negro, mainly as a social subject matter rather than unusual technical study. Since the Negro

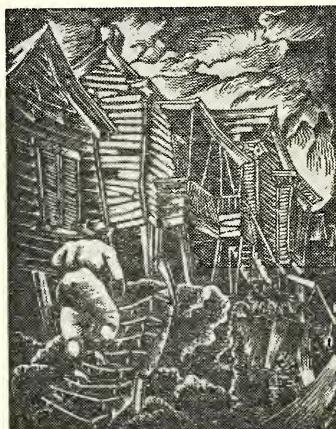
subject has matured significantly in American art, Negro art has come into its own. This has been brought about by the desire to build an art freer from European influences and imitation and to root American art in the materials and themes of the native scene.

Three factors have drawn the relation of the Negro to art closer together. They are:

1. promotion of Negro artist;
2. development of Negro art;
3. promotion of the Negro theme and subject as a vital phase of the artistic expression of American life.

In the mid-Twenties these came to the fore, from the inspiration of the New Negro Movement and its crusade of folk expression in all the arts. The Harmon Foundation, which exhibited from 1928-33, acquainted and interested the public more generally in the

(Continued On Page 19)



by Hale Woodruff

Daughter of Eve

So this is coming home, to tend the graves,
To scratch away the rotten leaves, to scrape
The leaves from under the nails, to forget
What cannot be forgotten in the withered shade
Of the twisted tree; to give dry tears their birth—

I am mother of no other.

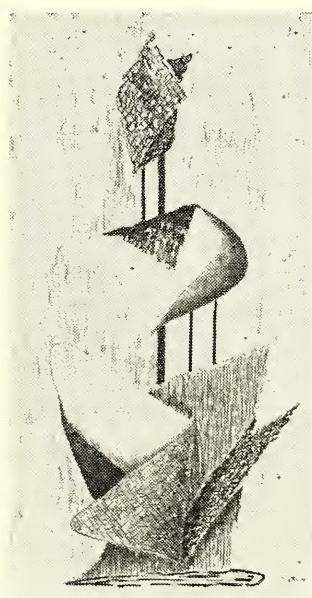
I carry them below my eyes, nothing
Near my heart, and feel them swimming
In my body as she had once felt me.
I scream at their insistence, as she had screamed
At me; I hunger
For apples—bring me bushels,
Bushels of purple-shredded apples.
And she stirs under the quilt and smiles,
A satisfied, apple-fed smile,
And picks her teeth with the bone of her hand.

The apples are gone.

The wandering soul weeps through the tree
As childless as I and as hollow,
While under the quilt she sleeps again, tired of me,
As she was tired of snakes, of tastes, of seeds,
Of him. But she consumed them all, willing
Nothing to me but hate;
Yet I am robbed of hating the mother Eve
By my loathing of the man.
Her shame is not enough; I would have my own.
Without the guilt, how the saving blood?
Without the blood, how the cleansing?
But with her lie
The snake,
The fruit,
The man.

by Martha Moore

by Mackie Jeffries



GOD

Death and Birth are solitary things.
We are all solitary things.
We cannot turn away or run, but to ourselves,
Our lonely, exiled selves.

And yet, we run, we crouch to hide,
Searching everywhere to find the reason,
And cry, "I spy, I spy."
"And this is the way,
And this is the way,
And this is the way, way, way."
The child's chant-song sing-songs, sing-songs . . .
"And this is God,
And this is God,
And this is really God."

The three headed God
Sits on his haunches,
Smiles sadly, swings the sword,
Passes the bread, and burps.

"Well, I don't believe in religion, but . . ."
"Religion is a philosophy."
"Religion is an insurance policy . . ."
And this is God,
And this is you,
And this is me.

God sits upon his golden throne,
And nods and blinks,
While the myriad choir boys wheeze
In a heavenly off-key
How beautiful, wonderful, lovely he is;
And the damned crawl over the spit-clean floor,
Wiping, polishing mirror-bright,
Muttering curses under their souls,
And envying, envying, envying him
His exalted majesty.

"This is God,
And this is Life,
And this is Salvation.
This is why we live, live, live,
Love . . . love . . . love . . ."

"Oh, ye sinners, come and worship."
Come and spit out pretty mouthings,
God will give you what you want,
Just you flatter him.

Archangels are made.
He lifts his ancient, senile voice
And blubbers out a name.
Saint Peter wipes the drool away.
We kneel, and gaze in awe
At the Great God of the Universe,
The Father of Man.

Mephistopheles . . . and you envied him?
I will create my own Hell,
One with dignity.
God had the hiccoughs,
And he hiccupped for ninety days,
While everyone ran in circles,
Praying to God, to save God,
Afraid that God would die.

"God is getting old," they whispered,
And speculated as to whom would go
The Kingdom, the Power, and the Glory.

Once, God sat and stared with wooden face
And sapphire eyes
At his belly-button
And his four gilt hands,
As if he did not know what to do with them.

And God was the mountain that spit out fire,
And burned his face in dark frowns of clouds.
"Yahweh" they called him.
"Yahweh of the mountains."
"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
From whence cometh my help . . ."

And God came down to live in Man,
And he dwelt in the mountains of their hearts.
He was the torture in their eyes,
The burning in their souls.
And he hounded them down the slopes of time,
Ever the mirror to their weakness,
Ever the cup to their sorrow,
Until they fled him down the sands of Egypt,
And fled him back again.

God, stubborn, let them nail him to the cross,
And he took no drink, no food,
No comfort from man,
And died alone,

Knowing that only the strange, the solitary, are
unforgotten.

Only the dead live.

They hunted for the lost body,
The small, thin shell,
And found it not.

Thus he lived, and the dead made others live;
But the years passed,
And the glow passed,
And the rememberers drifted into shadows.

The keepers of the spark waxed afraid of hunger,
And so, they dressed him in new garments,
More befitting a God,
A virgin birth, miracles, and gaudy colored forms,
As wooden as their souls,
Their solitary souls.
And the old garments were hidden,
And put away in some dark place,
A solitary place,
And long forgotten.

God's men ate of the flesh of the land,
And they drank of the blood of the land,
Until the earth fell sick before them;
And their souls fell sick within them
'Til, guilt-hearted
They raged forth to slay
The ungodly, and the other-godly,
And sat with blood-sweet hands,
And blood-purged hearts
Dividing up the dead,
While God looked down and smiled in their thoughts.

God sat adding under a tree,
Until an apple fell
And filled him with the power
To destroy himself.
Now, God balances himself,
Greases his joints,
Estimates his strength,
And says, "It is finished."
And then, sits back to see what he can do,
While brother raises hand against his brother,
Cain against Cain,
God against God, in the name of God.

Oh, why?

Why do we mock him thus?

Disguise Him everywhere

In Gauds, and wood,
In forms, and laws,
In frowns, in fire, in wrath,
All-seeing, blind eyes,

That weep at what His hands do.

If we would only look, and see within ourselves,
If we would only tear the veil of our imaginings,
our fears,
Away from the truth, the solitary truth.

Life cannot be saved for a rainy day,
Or put in the piggy bank,
But must be lived, while it is lived;
And must be used to find the use of life.
But we refuse,
We are afraid to see,
And turn our backs to widen the gulf,
The infinite gulf . . .
Mankind is a long, sad wail
Unto a God who cannot hear nor help us.

We are all solitary things,
Birth, and Life, and Death,
The end of the spiral,
The end of the small, swift, swirl
That began with a small, swift, swirl.
We are alone.
Always within us is the separateness,
The lonely ache which makes I, I.
God is lonely . . .
God is a lonely thing. . . .

by June Cope

or do you think the night is what it seems?

I heard a voice call to me in the night
Deep in my ears, and far, I felt your voice
Tremble to me—to someone—and I slipped
Up to the voice, and waited . . . nothing more,
And listened . . . but you did not call again.

by

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A moment—did you struggle past your sleep?
“Are you awake?” I brushed the silence back
But it flowed front again and you were still
And slept, as you had slept, as you would sleep.
But were you never crying in your sleep?

Do you think the night only what it seems?
The shadows come at me with gentle hands
To smother me back where my eyes are open.

What walks this room? It draws against my skin
Cold, heavy, waiting—moving to the dark;
It touches you (you cried out in your sleep)
You feel it (for you cried it in your sleep)
And yet we neither know, and when at last
We pull ourselves to waking, neither speak

But move apart in our own silences
And fear to break the shadows back again.



by Maxine Goodwin

JELLO JACK JENKINS HOPPED AND SKIPPED DOWN THE MARIGOLD LANE ONE 12 OF DECEMBER DAY TUESDAY. THIS WAS NO ORDINARY NORMAL DAY. THE SUNNY SHINE WAS TOO BRIGHT AND THE DEWEY DAMP WAS TOO FRESH. BLUE PATCHES PEEKED THROUGH COTTON CLOUDS. BIRDIES PIROUETTED THROUGH OXYGEN, NITROGEN, ETC.

HOP&SKIP&SKIP, HOP&SKIP&SKIP—"HELLO HAUGHTY HERKIMER, WHAT IS THE NEWS OF TODAY?" "the world is a place, filled with sinners, no grace" ANSWERED THE POETIC MR. HERKIMER. "crime, lust, and liquor—we'll all go much quicker".

SKIP&HOP&SKIP&SKIP&HOP — "SAY, STOIC STEADYMOST, HOW DO YOU DO?" "ILLUSION (?) THAT MAY BE WHAT (?) IT IS (?). BUT DID YOU (?) DARE ACKNOWLEDGE THE FACT (?) THAT (?) WE LIVE FOR A PURPOSE (?) YES, ADAPTATION TO THE ENVIRONMENT IS ADMIRABLE (?) BUT NOT ADVISABLE (?) WHAT SAY (?)

SKIP&SKIP&HOP&HOP — "RUNNING — SO EARLY IN THE MORNING, ROSY SPEC-TACLES?" "IT'S SO, DELICIOUSLY, GOOD, FOR ONE, WHEN ONE, IS, SO, DELIRIOUSLY, HAPPY, WHY THERE'S NOTHING, RUINOUS IN RUNNING, AND, THERE'S, NOTHING, RUINIOUS, IN ANYTHING, REALLY."

SKIP&HOP&SKIP&SKIP — "GOOD AFTER-NOON, ART AESTHETICALLY". "O-O-O-OH ... IF I CAN BRUSH UP ON MY PERSPECTIVE ... MY LITERARY APPEAL MIGHT BRING ME ON THE STAGE OF LIFE ... AND I CAN SHOW MY DYNAMIC ... NOVEL ... IMPRES-SIONISTIC ... NONCONFORMITY ...

HOP—AND JELLO JACK JENKINS STOPPED QUITE SUDDENLY! HERE HE GAZED WITH ROUNDED VICERA AT ONE OR TWO VARIE-TIES OF THE MULBERRY BERRY. "I SHALL EAT BOTH—THEN WILL HAVE THE ABILITY TO DISCERN BETWEEN THE TWO—THUS DISCOVERING WHICH APPEALS TO MY TASTE PERCEPTION."

HE DROPPED EACH BERRY INTO HIS MOUTH, CHEWED EACH, DIGESTED EACH. "NEITHER ARE TASTY, OH WHAT SHALL I DO?" HOP&SKIP&SKIP&HOP.



FABLES

by

Ann Huff

IN A THICKET WHERE THE TREES GROW OVER THE TREELINGS, THE TREELINGS OVER THE BUSHES, THE BUSHES OVER THE PLANTS AND THE PLANTS OVER THE GRASSES—HERE SAT WAYMARTIN WEASEL . . . PRESENTLY, OR IS IT PASSIVELY, HE CLOSED HIS EYE AND BEGAN TO DREAM COLORED FANTASIES.

Z-Z-Z-Z a beautiful white steed appeared bearing a maiden, this young maiden wore denim and smelled of jasmine. her hair cascaded to a length equaling that of the steed's tail. Z-Z-Z-

UP SPRANG THE WEARY WEASEL AND HE BEGAN TO DANCE AND BEG THE MAIDEN TO be real—be Real—BE REAL!

WOE, OH WOE WEASEL, FOR YOU SLEEP ENTIRELY TOO DEEP

BIG PRICKLY DROPS OF PERSPIRATION POURED FROM WAYMARTIN'S PORES . . . "THE THICKET IS BECOMING TOO THICK FOR ME. I SEEK A DWELLING IN THE MIDST OF THE MIST WHERE THE HOLE OF THE DOUGHNUT IS NOT SURROUNDED." THE THICKET GREW AND GREW WITHOUT THE PRESENCE OF WANDERING WAYMARTIN WEASEL, UNTIL IT REACHED THE TOP OF ITS BLUE-BORDERED MARGIN.



by

Fran

Crews

Complex

It don't do no good to wait and sit
Laughing off the heat, the pain—the last of us.
It don't do no good at all.

Corn green, turning brown
Mice scratching through dusty rows
It ain't our fault to sit and wait
But it don't do no good at all.

Let them come through the mist,
The quick-silver sliding—
The mud-wind racing, throwing off.
Waiting, it's slipping, is going on . . .
And going is longing to be off.
On to the life-time, the lost of a death-time
A world of the coupling twigs, and the missed no
longer to die.
It don't do no good to sit and wait—no good at all.

by

Betty Shuford

by^o Nancy^o Fisher

There was a man with many poems crushed
Inside himself, each tearing every word
From some part of his being; each one jarred
Into existence, loose, dependent, pushed
Toward expression. Searching their form, his rushed
Phrases contracted themselves like tight scarred
Tissue. When quickened seven months, the cord
Severed internally, they pulsed life. Slashed
Open, the man was critically observed.
They wondered at the strangeness of his bride,
His quivering brood extracted with brass tongs.
Unhuman that to which the man belongs!
The judgment this: his words be strained and served
To the textbook masses; the pulp, cast aside.

The Poet

Botticelli's Judith

Why are your eyes so sad, your step so slow,
And looking back, what is it there you see?
Your maid finds it not difficult to go.

Your face as sweet as His nativity,
Your blue and pale green garments billowed so—
Is it the sadness of necessity?

Why look you not upon the field below?—
Your people wait, as you have set them free.
Your firm maid bears more fruit than they can know.

Forget him, Judith, look upon the tree;
Remember not the blood you had to strew
Upon his sheets as he lay drunkenly.

It is your people's seed which now you sow;
Lift up your yellow hair, your eyes and see
Your maid finds it not difficult to go.

It is the same fruit as on Adam's tree;
It is the sadness of necessity.

When there is a rush and a sigh and a slip of rain on the window mid-morning can be a part of night and darkness so that all light must be searched for, and if it is found it must be held close; it cannot be shared. When light is found it is in a lone place . . . a place too small for more than one. There is light in a strand of blue beads if they have been forgotten and found again in an old, never-opened drawer.

If Mrs. Matthews had been there when Lisa found them that Saturday morning, when it rained and she had decided to clean out the old desk, she would have thought about them for a time no longer than that required to transfer them from the bottom drawer to the trash can beside her. But Mrs. Matthews was running her vacuum cleaner (she had heard it begin to hum just before she had opened the first drawer) and would not come down for at least another quarter of an hour.

She stretched them out . . . holding them with both hands until they moved only a little. The faded ones . . . (they were all faded, but there was a need to group them in some way and her way was to call the ones that were more than half discolored "faded" and the ones that were the color of places marked "over 10,000 fathoms" on wall maps, "the bright ones.") Faded and bright and bright and faded they slipped and ran together on the frayed and powdery string until they were stopped where it had been tied once, twice. There were places for two more the size of green peas . . . they would have to be blue peas . . . to fit on the string. To find the lost two, to have the strand whole and beautiful again, would be to find again a light wide enough and strong enough to be shared . . . to show.

"I have lost two of my blue beads. Help me look for them. Look in the basement, and in that corridor leading to the teachers' room, and under your desks. If you find them bring them to me, and I will show you . . . I will show you a white dress with a skirt so wide I could fly in it . . . and a blue one . . ."

Blue velvet, soft, trailing, like moss in a wet night wind. Moss trailing out of the darkness and into a gay light . . . a bright light . . . filaments woven with light . . . woven with light and fastened with glass buttons . . . the tinkling glasses and high pitched laughter of the first few dancers before the music begins . . .

"Hurry, Sue. Put your comb away and come on."

"I'm coming, Lisa. Don't be in such a hurry. Paul isn't going to run away—not tonight when he's so pleased with the way you look in blue velvet."

"Do you think he really does like it as much as he says?"

"Of course, he does." Sue put her comb in her purse and closed it.

"Sue, do you think he . . . ?"

"No, No, No," Sue said, closing her eyes and shaking her head. "Let's not get into one of your do-I-think conversations about Paul." She opened the door.

"Come on, let's give Paul and Don our wraps to check."

Lisa had stood beside the doorway—she and Paul—listening to the tinkle and the laughter, seeing colors and movements in the light without attaching them to faces or figures.

"I'll check your wrap, Lisa," Paul walked into the movements and the colors and then there were familiar faces near him, smiling; familiar figures waving to her.

And when the music begins . . .

It began softly, far away sounding, at just the right moment when Paul was putting the check-receipt in his pocket and walking toward her.

"You bring the music with you, Paul. Did you hear the way it grew louder as you walked toward me?"

"Well," he smiled, "since I brought it over, would you like to dance?"

"Yes."

The music filled the room and diffused itself throughout the room, merging with voices and the tinkle of glasses the way colors and movements and faces merge and blend when dancers turn.

"Do you feel a little . . ." she paused . . . "unusually happy tonight, Paul?"

"I don't know. I'm happy, but I can't find anything unusual about it. Do you feel unusually happy?"

"Yes, I do."

"I know the reason," he said, "the new dress."

Lisa laughed and he asked, "Am I right? Is that the reason?"

"A little of it."

"And what is the rest of it?"

"Oh, that we're dancing and that the music and the faces and voices all together and all around us are just—just the way I expected them to be tonight—just the way I hoped they would be."

"Oh, well, I'm glad that they are," he said.

What would he say, she wondered, if she told him—but he wasn't even thinking about it anymore. He smiled and said hello to someone behind her—and anyway, how could she tell him that happiness can be a nebulous thing, a thing indistinct and unclear—created from many shimmering and tremulous parts—parts seen not separately, emitting tiny shares of light, but all together—in a complete scheme, emitting full light.

"Have you seen Bob Richards, Lisa?"

"Yes, he's over there, by the table. Why?"

"I just don't want to miss him. He's going to enlarge the clinic, you know, and I want to talk with him about it."

"No, I didn't know. Do you want to go over and talk with him now?"

"Well, maybe I should, before he . . . no, too late, he's going to dance with Ellen."

"They dance well together," Lisa said.

"But not as well as we do," he said, smiling down at her and beginning a series of fast turns.

A Strand of Blue Beads

by
Shirley Dixon

When two dancers turn in accord, she thought, sensing Paul's movements before he made them, when they turn harmoniously and flawlessly, there is a feeling between them of a more perfect harmony, a lasting balance, a satisfying equilibrium.

"Are you still feeling unusually happy?"

"Yes, and I have another reason."

"What is it?"

"That I'm dancing with you."

"I like that reason, and I feel it too, dancing with you."

Did he feel it, she wondered, did he feel the happiness which is a specific thing—a thing distinct and clear—created from one intense and resonant note, a note heard not in relation to others, creating a melody, but alone, ever increasing, pervading, creating full crescendo?

"Then we will dance for a long time," she said.

We will dance for a long time in full light and full crescendo—symbolizing a love, all faith, all happiness, in one harmonious expression, one pattern of arrangement, one pure rhythm, which seems to be without beginning, without end, without interval.

The music stopped. There was a silence followed by a rush of voices.

"Intermission," Paul said.

There must be an interval, she thought, when musicians grow tired and dancers leave the floor. There must be an intermission when it is time for one.

"I didn't realize it was time for one."

The dancers scattered at first.

"They look uprooted and wind-blown, Paul."

They they settled in irregular and unattractive arrangements. Occasionally two or three or four of them would drift from one arrangement to another, leaving the one smaller and more uneven; making the other larger and more disorderly.

"Let's go over and talk with Fred for a minute," Paul said.

Lisa knew that Paul liked the drifting . . . tasting first one conversation, then another.

"Let me know about that trip before the fifteenth, Fred. Excuse us. I see Bob over there, and I need to talk with him. Shall I tell him about the trip?"

Gathering little bits of talk, she thought, to carry from one group to the next.

"How awkwardly they stand, Paul—with most of their weight on one foot."

"Do they? . . . Hello, Bob, Ellen."

She tried not to think it, but there was something incongruous, something unsuitable about seeing them all this way, separately.

"Paul!" She had to shout over their voices.

They shouted and gesticulated and twisted their faces and were still unable to hold the attention of their restless-eyed listeners.

"We're going to begin next week if I can persuade the architect to hurry up the plans."

"Paul!"

"Yes, Lisa?"

"Paul, Sue is motioning to me. Will you excuse me? Bob? Ellen? Nice to see you all. I'll only be a minute, Paul."

Dancing out of pattern, she thought, walking toward Sue, like stars in a nebula, are not to be seen separately, for their single lights are unsteady and dim. They are to be seen as myriads in a sheer and luminous design if they are to emit a flood of light — of exaltation.

"Hello, Sue. I came as soon as I could."

"I thought you might not want to leave Paul, so I didn't come over and ask you."

"Oh, he can drift better alone anyway."

It was such an aimless and disorderly wandering, she thought.

"Well, what I have to tell you," Sue said, "will only take a minute."

Irregular and unpredictable. . . .

"But I did have to tell you so that if you see Lib you can ask her about it."

Difficult to follow—each turn lacking symmetry and balance, becoming a twist . . .

"I can't ask her, because you know how she feels about Jim and me anyway."

Each movement deficient of wholeness and continuity—exposing a flaw, marring harmony and equilibrium. . . .

"I'll ask her for you, Sue, if I can."

Paul was standing a little apart from the semicircle of listeners around him who burst into laughter as Lisa saw them. She found a place three people away from him.

"Hello, Lisa," they said in chorus, softly, quickly, so that they would not miss over a word or two of the story Paul was telling. It was an old story, but he told it well—talking louder than the others. Lisa joined the periodic ripples and splashes of laughter, watching Paul each time to see if he noticed. He was standing on one foot, and each time he did not notice.

"Which way did it go, Paul?" they all asked, not quite in unison.

"This way." The drink in his hand spilled over the edges of the glass as he made the motion, and the women nearest him shrieked and then giggled shrilly.

"He's so entertaining, Lisa . . . so good with people."

"Yes, yes he is, Mrs. Everett."

No, no, he isn't, Mrs. Everett—not with them—apart from them.

Like an insistent, ringing note is not to be heard in a melody with other notes, for its ever-increasing resonance is dissonant and harsh. It is to be heard alone, as a pure expression complete in itself if it is to increase to its full crescendo—its full intensity.

The semicircle became smaller and more ragged as one listener after another finished his drink and drifted away. When only a few were left, Paul put his own glass down on the table behind him.

"Lisa?"

"Yes, I'm here."

"Let's go out on the terrace. I think I saw Sue and Don go out there."

There was a cessation of movement among the drifters when they reached the terrace. No longer drifting . . . sea anemones washed ashore. The night was not lighted except for occasional flickering matches and unsteady cigarettes. The night stilled them; and they whispered if they talked at all, so that the darkness was almost silent.

"Hello, Sue, Don."

Dancers and laughter and glass, slip back into the silence, the silence and the loneliness, as silent and as lonely as the inside of an old maid's apartment. Filaments apart . . . filaments alone . . . creep back into the darkness, the wetness and the darkness . . . as wet and as dark as the inside of a closed hand.

Some of the blue mixes with the wetness and there are others to add to the faded group. The darkness will steal from them, will swallow up a part of them and add to itself in such a way that only one who has lived in the darkness (who has seen it in the morning, lying just outside the covers; at noon, eddying away from light, inside corners and between stacked trays at the lunch counter, and behind eyes and faces; in the night . . . everywhere . . . enveloping all things . . . brazenly distorting a room . . . sapping the strength from lamps) can see the alteration.

"Can you see the change . . . those of you on the

front row? Can you feel it?"

They cannot, of course. They are young and it is hidden . . . hidden the way a seamstress will hide a dark blue hem facing under the skirt when a dress is too short and there is no more black material to lengthen it. Obscured . . . overshadowed by full swirling darkness . . . searched out only by trained eyes . . . eyes trained by time . . . searched out and perceived as light.

The rain had stopped rushing. It was only a sigh on the window now, and wind clouds drifted eastward. Mrs. Matthews had turned off her vacuum cleaner, and Lisa heard the stairs creak and the door open. Light and darkness mingle into one . . . gradations . . . blue dispersed throughout darkness.

"Are you up yet, Lisa? Oh, you're cleaning out that old desk. Well, it's a good day for it, and it's a good thing to do too. I told Harold just yesterday that if he doesn't get rid of some of that junk in that old desk of his I'm going to take it all out and burn it myself. There's just no use in his keeping things that can't ever do him any good. Half the things in that old desk of his aren't anymore worth keeping than those old blue beads you're holding."

"You're right, Louise, these beads have served their practical purpose . . . long ago. I can't wear them anymore, but I'll just put them back in the drawer for now and we'll have some coffee. I'll finish this cleaning job later."

Light searched for in the night of mid-morning . . . searched for and found in a strand of blue beads . . . held close inside an old desk drawer.

BLUE STAR BABY

(Continued From Page 3)

The next morning I got up and looked at the screen. There was a smudged spot where her nose had been.

Daddy came in and said, "Let's go, Snooks." So we went to hoe in the garden. While we were hoeing, a truck drove up to the house. I went to see what they wanted, but Daddy said he guessed he'd keep on hoeing.

The men brought the Frigidaire box out and put it in the back of the truck. Mother was standing in the door watching them.

"What are they doing?" I asked.

Mother said, "Don't ask me questions."

I didn't know what the men were going to do with the Frigidaire.

"Do you want me to tell Daddy?" I said.

"He knows all about it. He did it all himself," Mother said. She went into the house, but I stayed to watch the men. They tied the Frigidaire down with ropes so he couldn't get away. I thought they would put that baby in the box but they didn't. They left her with us. When they drove away, the Frigidaire was jumping up and down trying to get loose.

In the kitchen there was a funny spot on the floor

where the Frigidaire had been. It was shiny and new. The kitchen didn't look right.

Mother was in the bedroom. She was crying. She was rocking the baby and crying.

"Do you hurt, Mother?" I said.

"Hush."

"Why are you crying, Mother?"

"Your Daddy doesn't love you," she said. "He loves little strange children better than he loves you. He doesn't love the baby either."

"He took the Frigidaire away to send money to little strange children."

But that wasn't right. I knew that Daddy loved me. He bought me a red pocketbook for my birthday. Maybe he didn't love that baby, but he loved me.

"Come fix us some dinner," I said, but she wouldn't. She didn't fix us any dinner all day. She just sat there rocking that baby. Daddy fixed dinner for me and him.

The next day Daddy went off and came back in a truck. He had a big wooden box in the back. He put it out on the back porch.

"What is it?" I asked.

"It's an icebox," he said. "It's to keep the baby's milk cold."

That big green box is sitting out on the back porch now. Everyday the ice man comes by and puts in a big chunk of ice for it to eat. It doesn't breathe at all. I think it's dead, but it keeps that baby's milk from spoiling.

Yesterday that baby had a tooth and all the neighbors came over to see it. I don't know what's so wonderful about that. I have a whole mouth full of teeth and they never look at me. Mother told them all about Aunt Dora and how they only had beans in the house. She told them I hit the baby with my pocketbook. That made me so mad I went out back and jumped off the icebox. I didn't hit that baby. When I hit the porch, Mother and all the neighbors came running out there. Mother started crying and said I had broken my nose. All the neighbors stood around looking at me. They went to the mill and got Daddy and he got a doctor and he put this big bandage around my face.

That baby has been crying all morning, but Mother just told it to hush and she went and got some ice cream for me. She got my pocketbook out of the top drawer. I have it right here with me. I looked inside for the grapefruit, but it wasn't there. I get so tired of staying in the house. The doctor said I'd have to be careful. I think I'll have Mother come in here and read me a story.

AMERICAN NEGRO IN ART

(Continued From Page 7)

creative accomplishments in fine arts by the Negro. Partly for these reasons, the younger Negro artists broke away from traditionalism in subject matter and in style. All this would have been wiped out during the Depression, but the Federal Arts Project included the Negro's works. One man shows have made the general public more aware of American Negro art while in the South, public art centers have been bringing Negro art to the people. Through such projects as these, the Negro is no longer in his restricted Ghetto, and he is now no longer afraid to paint Negro life. He is enforced by a group which brought, in the 1920's, and is still bringing a seasoned technique and a newly liberalized social insight into Negro type portrayal.—Henry McFee, Maurice Sterne, Edmund Archer, Arnold Blanch, Miquel Covarrubias, Luigi Lucioni and others.

"If we add to this new artistic frankness and social analysis and protest, such as may be observed in work like that of Rivera, Sternberg, Joe Jones, Adrian Troy, and others, we can realize how far, in two decades, the portraiture of Negro life has been developed. These gains have brought the Negro subject quite to the foreground of contemporary American art . . ."

"By the mid-30's, a vigorous, intimate and original documentation of Negro life was definitely underway". During this period Aaron Douglas, Palmer Hayden, Hale Woodruff, Malvin Gray Johnson, Archibald Motley, Richmond Barthe, and Sargent Johnson rose on the scene. However, this movement did not simply develop into a backwater inlet of racial art, but flowed into the mainstream of contemporary art.

The reasoning behind the fact that the Negro does not stand out distinctly is this: 1. It takes a great deal of time for any segment in a society to exhibit characteristics and distinctive traits. 2. In our American society, race, at best can "be some subtle difference in the overtones of that other imponderable we know and treasure as nationality".

Perhaps we shall see, eventually, a decided development in Negro art of those subtle elements of rhythm, color, and atmosphere which are the less direct but most significant way of revealing what we call race.



In This Issue . . .

jo gillikin

Former co-editor of *Coraddi*, Jo is famous for her Gillikin Giggle and black beret. She takes both to Carolina next year where she plans to work toward a Master's degree in English literature.

nancy fisher

Mrs. Fisher is the poet whose work is well-known to *Coraddi* readers under the name of Nancy McWhorter. After graduation she will join her husband Bill who is working for his doctorate at Oak Ridge, Tennessee.

june cope

Creator of our favorite "Particular People" cartoons, of Marilla, and of the salt-flavored child, June will go to Carolina this fall to do graduate work in drama. Amazingly versatile, she has done outstanding work in drama, art, and writing here.

esther krasny

Esther's name is a new one for *Coraddi*. This year's Service League chairman will enter graduate school at New York University next September. The feature on which she and Suzanne Yerman collaborated was born as a term paper complete with footnotes and bibliography which have been sacrificed to brevity.

betty shuford

Betty is one of the girls who can always be found at Aycock. She will continue her work in dramatics at the University of Indiana next fall.

alma graham

Alma edges into a wider circle next fall when she leaves Woman's College for Carolina. *Coraddi*'s readers will not forget her "Circles," "The Bond," and "Or Do You Think the Night Only What It Seems?"

ann huff

"Huff," the imish editor of *Pine Needles*, makes her first appearance in the magazine with her delightful fables. Her wedding date has been set for Septembr, so she plans to spend her summer learning to cook.

suzanne yerman

"Suzi," the sophomore with the Boston brogue, will transfer to Boston University in the fall. Majoring in sociology, she wants to be a case worker when she graduates.

. . . As We See It

The policy of a magazine is an ambivalent, an ever-growing thing. It has been the policy of the new *Coraddi* staff to state its policy; we would not shy away from that responsibility. *Coraddi* has been and still is the fine arts magazine of the campus, publishing the best in literature, art, and sometimes music. But the magazine cannot be more than that which is submitted. There is, to be sure, an element of critical selectivity within the staff; but it is limited or enriched by the student writer and the student artist. The magazine then is our policy, shaped by our writers. It is our hope to discover and encourage a wider circle of them.

Coraddi Club will work toward this end, as will individual conferences with writers whose work is accepted or rejected. Each member of the student body is a member of Coraddi Club. On May 21 a panel of faculty members will discuss the work which appears in this issue; Mr. Michael Casey, Mr. Lisca, Mr. Townsend, and Mr. Opper make critical comments and you are invited to join in.

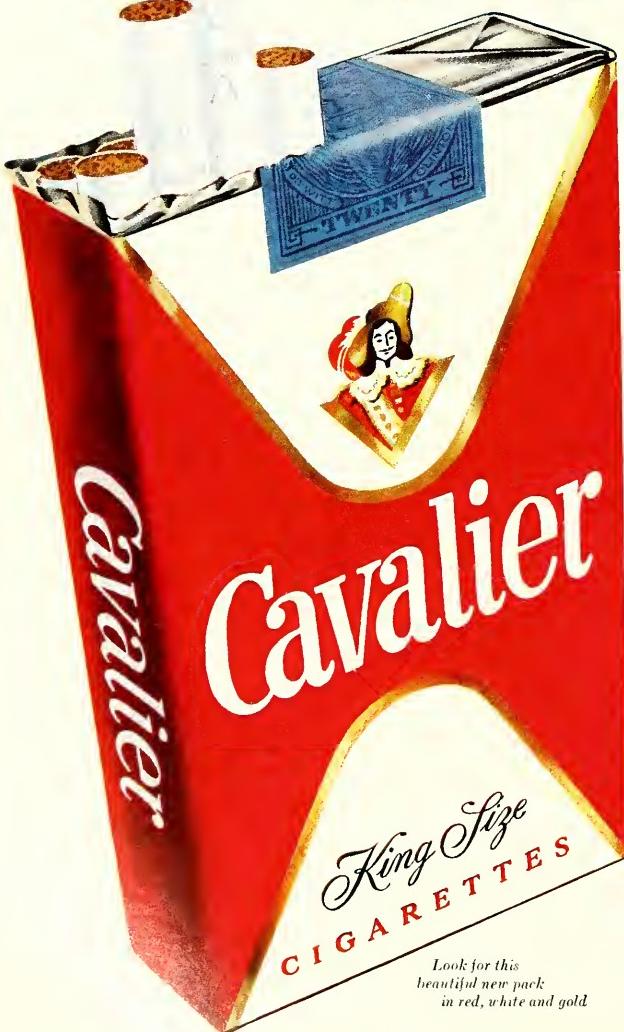
The complexion of the magazine is somewhat changed this Spring of 1956. New names have been added to the table of contents—names of writers and artists who are publishing in *Coraddi* for the first time. We are quite pleased, and we hope the list will grow. Jello Jack Jenkins and Way-martin Weasel are fabulously delightful creatures; we think you will like them. Art plays a new role in the feature department's survey of the American Negro's contribution to modern art; Mr. Woodruff's excellent block print illustrates the article.

And we see in our veteran writers new development, too, a new maturity in skill and thought. Alma Graham's "Or Do You Think the Night Is What It Seems?" has a lyric beauty all its own. Her "The Bond" is characteristically profound and penetrating. June Cope's startling poem "God" is a powerful one. Betty Shuford has experimented with a new style. And we are proud to publish the work done by Nancy Fisher and Jo Gillickin. (You will forgive us if we call attention to our veterans; they are leaving us, and we are reluctant to see them go.)

Even more significant, we feel, is the far-reaching, searching quality of the material which wonders about God and about death. It is not forced nor is it morbid. It is rather universal this wonder. And we cannot help but recall what Goethe wrote about the nature of tragedy:

Whoever advances on the path of a truly moral and spiritual self-cultivation, will feel and acknowledge that tragedies and tragic romances in no way sooth the mind, but rather put the spirit and that which we term the heart in a state of unrest, and induce a vague, uncertain frame of mind; youth loves this mood and is, therefore, passionately interested in such productions.

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